

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

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How the Princess Beautiful was Found.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

THERE was trouble in Forgotten Land. The king was lost. One day there had arrived at the court a stranger, who told of new fruits and roots that were good to eat. Although the records give no names, he may have told the Forgotten Landers of apples and potatoes, of peaches and peanuts. However that may be, the king had longed to go in search of these new plants and roots. Accordingly, he had set forth one day on the journey to distant lands with an army of soldiers and gardeners.

The stranger accompanied the king. He went as guide, but shook his head and said that, although he knew not from whence he had come, he might perchance with difficulty retrace his steps.

There were no post-offices, no telephones nor telegraph offices in Forgotten Land; and, when the time for the king's return was long passed, the wise men of the kingdom, after a conference in the great hall, sent messengers far and near, who blew on their bugles and shouted to all who might hear, that the king of Forgotten Land was lost.

One by one the messengers returned, each with the same sad story to tell. No one whom they met in all their travels had seen the king or his army. Straightway the lovely queen, who was worn out with grief and worry,—straightway the lovely queen fell ill. It was then the princess Beautiful appeared in the great hall where the wise men of the kingdom once more sat in council, each with his head bowed low.

The princess came unannounced, and, when the wise men observed her presence, they rose to their feet and stood waiting to do her slightest bidding.

"Honored sirs," spoke the princess Beautiful, "I shall go in search of my father, the king. Once I told my father that, if he were ever lost, I should search throughout the wide world to find him. He bade me do so. I go in quest of my father."

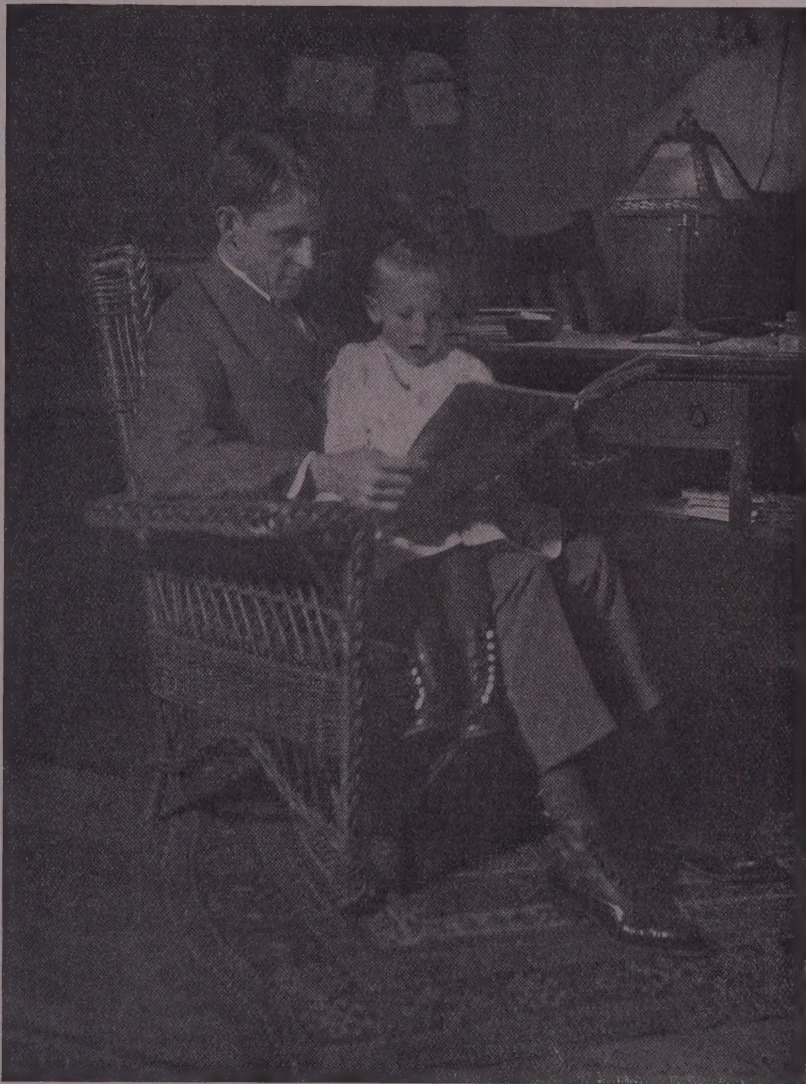
"But, fair princess," begged one of the noblemen, falling upon his knees before her, "your father but spoke in jest. You shall not go, fair princess. The roads you must travel are too rough for one so young and fair. Oh, stay with the queen, your mother!"

"She bade me go," continued the princess.

"She knew not what she said," protested the wise men.

Their words were of no avail. The following morning, when the princess was missing, the wise men knew she had gone unattended in quest of the king.

In her heart the princess Beautiful believed the king might not be far away. Perhaps he and his followers had been changed by enchantment into birds or beasts, for those were strange days in which the princess lived. Perhaps only one who loved him truly could find the king. For that



Photograph by Louis C. Sears.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

reason the princess rode on her pony until she reached the borders of the kingdom. Then she sent the pony home and travelled on foot toward the sunrise.

Before the princess had gone half a mile beyond the borders of the kingdom, she reached a little hut. In the door of the hut stood a mother holding a wee babe in her arms.

"Oh, will you come in, fair maid," said the mother, "to sit by the cradle and watch my baby until I can carry a basket of food to baby's father? He is a wood-cutter, and I know he is hungry ere this. The baby won't sleep. I fear to leave him alone, and he is too heavy to carry."

"Gladly will I stay," answered the princess.

"Gladly will I guard your little one from harm."

So the princess sat down in the poor hut, and rocked the wood-cutter's baby, and sang to it songs she had learned in a royal palace. When the mother had returned and the princess was gone on her way searching through the greenwood for her father, the baby laughed aloud in its sleep.

"She was a fair maid," said the mother, bending over the cradle to observe more closely the happiness that lingered in the baby's face while it slept.

Next the princess met a weary old man by the roadside. He sat on a stone, nor ventured to look up until the princess spoke.

"My staff has rolled down the steep bank,"

answered the old man in reply to the princess' greeting. "I cannot walk a step without it, and I know not who will return to me my trusty staff."

"I will gladly get your staff," replied the princess, who was young and nimble; and, when she had placed the staff in the man's hand, she went singing on her way.

The princess had been gone perhaps two weeks when the king returned accompanied by the soldiers and gardeners. They brought with them quantities of strange trees and plants and roots for the gardens of Forgotten Land.

"Grieve no longer," said the king, when he learned that the kingdom mourned because the princess of Forgotten Land was not with them to greet her father. "I shall go in search of her. Follow if you choose. I shall start this evening so soon as falls the darkness."

Straightway all who could do so followed the king to the borders of the realm. When the king reached the place where the princess bade her pony return to the palace, he used magic. No one but the king understood how magic was made to do his bidding, but suddenly in the darkness ahead appeared a wee light.

"It is where the princess found a beetle lying on its back," quoth the king. "She put the beetle upon its feet again as you may know by the light which shall shine wherever the princess Beautiful performed a kind deed."

Then the wise men shouted for joy and took courage. Well they knew that the princess Beautiful seldom walked abroad without doing many kind deeds. Sure enough, another light appeared but three steps ahead, shining through a clump of bushes.

"Here the princess restored a nestling to its mother in the nest," explained the king.

Soon the pathway glowed until the noble-men marvelled.

"This is where the princess turned aside lest she might scare a rabbit travelling to its home."

Then the king and his followers traced the princess Beautiful to a hut that shone in the darkness with a light so bright a baby's cart was seen outside the door.

"Hush," warned the king. "Here the princess once rocked a baby to sleep. We must not waken the little fellow."

Thus the company travelled on and on, one, two, three dark nights, following the shining footsteps of the maiden who was always kind. The fourth night they reached the sea, where, by the king's magic, rose a village, bathed in light.

"There dwells the princess Beautiful," declared the king. "Her many little acts of kindness have filled the place with light."

In the morning the king claimed his daughter and straightway took her home. The queen immediately recovered when she saw the king and the princess return in great state, accompanied by a rejoicing multitude of Forgotten Land.

And they all lived happily ever after.

An Optimist.

"See! All this bright world was made for me!"

This calls each bird from his own green tree:—

"Sing, if you wish to! I don't care!

I have room, and enough to spare!"

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON,
in *The Wellspring*.



Grandmother's Violet.

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON.

AT the base of a great rock a modest little violet grew up out of the soft loam of the woods right beside a bold and fearless vine.

"I'm going to climb this rock," said the vine.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped the little violet, looking up at the huge rock.

"Why not?" asked the vine. "You don't think I'm going to stay down here in this gloomy place all my life, do you? I'm going up just as fast as I can. You better come along."

"Oh, I couldn't!" sighed the violet. "I'm sure I would get dizzy and come tumbling down. I think I wasn't made to climb."

"Well," replied the vine, stretching upward a little, "stay in these dark shadows, if you will! I intend to see something. You'll never amount to anything away down here. No one will ever see you. You're beautiful, I'll admit, but what's the use? I haven't much beauty to speak of; but, when I get up to the top of this great rock, where the sun shines and people are passing all the time, I'll certainly be of more account than you."

"Oh, yes," agreed the violet, "I'm of no account. I know that. I wish I might climb to the top of the rock where I could be of some use to the world, but I'm made to blossom right here, I suppose, so I'll do the very best I can, even if no one ever sees me."

The bold and fearless vine was stretching upward a little all the time, and the little violet watched its progress wistfully.

"See me climb!" exclaimed the vine, haughtily. "At this rate I'll soon reach the top. Oh, it will be fine!"

"Yes, it will be fine," said the violet. "Good luck to you!"

"Just to think of it sets me all a-tingle. I'll have a prominent place up there in the glorious sunshine. Why, I really feel sorry for you, little violet! You might as well die now as any time. Why did you take the trouble to come up in the first place, if you intended to waste yourself in this dark place?"

The violet hung her head and sighed again.

The days went by, and the modest violet opened her blue eyes wide, and made herself just as beautiful as though crowds of people were passing along at the base of the rock. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I suppose the vine has reached the sunshine before this time. The people are saying nice things about him, no doubt. He said that I would never amount to anything down here, and I guess he was right."

Tears came into her beautiful blue eyes, and so she did not see Little Girl and her mother as they walked slowly along on the soft moss in the shadow of the great rock.

"O, Mother, Mother, see!" exclaimed Little Girl, clapping her hands in delight. "See this dear violet!"

"At last!" said Mother. "Why, Little Girl, I thought we would have to give up the search! I'm so glad!"

"And see the baby violets, Mother! They haven't their eyes open yet."

"We'll lift the whole plant carefully, very carefully, Little Girl," said Mother, taking her trowel and digging cautiously about the plant. "We'll take a good supply of this nice, soft loam."

"Then the mamma violet and the dear babies won't feel even a tiny bit lonely or homesick," said Little Girl.

So Little Girl and her mother took up the modest little violet plant and placed it carefully in a basket and started home.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped the violet to herself, as they came out into the bright sunshine. She peeped over the edge of the basket.

"Why, mother, look at this vine!" said Little Girl. "Where do you suppose it comes from?"

Mother looked down. "Well, well, it must have started right beside our dear little violet, away down at the base of this rock!"

"Dear me!" thought the little violet, "that's the bold and fearless vine, I declare. I hardly knew him. How he has grown!"

"Too coarse to be pretty, and maybe it is a poisonous vine. I wouldn't touch it, dear," said Mother as they passed on.

By and by they came to a beautiful house.

"O Grandmother, we found it, we found it for you!" shouted Little Girl to a sweet old lady sitting on the porch waiting for them.

"Isn't it a beauty, dearie!" said Grandmother, throwing up her hands in wonder. "I was fairly homesick for the sight of a violet. Let's set it in the best place in the flower garden. I want to see those dear little baby violets open their eyes."

So the modest violet found a beautiful home among the other pretty flowers, and many fine times they had together. Grandmother and Little Girl would come out every day and watch it grow, and the folks on the sidewalk would stop to say, "Oh, see those beautiful violets!"

Old-fashioned Philosophy.

SCORN not the homely virtues. We are prone To search through all the world for something new

And yet sometimes old-fashioned things are best—

Old-fashioned work, old-fashioned rectitude, Old-fashioned honor and old-fashioned prayer, Old-fashioned patience that can bide its time, Old-fashioned firesides sacred from the world, Old-fashioned satisfaction with enough, Old-fashioned candor and simplicity, Old-fashioned folks that practise what they preach.

J. A. EDGERTON,
in *National Magazine*.

The Discontented Months.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

MOTHER YEAR had hardly more than started on a new round of pleasures and duties, when two of her children began to grow discontented with their lot. The first to complain was March, who in his bold blustering way declared: "I am tired of doing the rough, heavy work. I am always expected to break up the frost in the hard ground and the ice in the river; and, though every one knows that we can't have spring till this work is done, they complain of me while I am doing it. The very people whose own homes are torn up during a spring cleaning expect a big establishment like ours to be made ready for spring with no disorder whatever. Why, only this morning I heard a woman say, 'I think March is certainly the most disagreeable of all the months.' I am tired of all this and would like a chance to rest once in my life."

Now it happened that at this very moment March's sister April, who was always a tearful child, was weeping because she thought she did no good in the world. So changeable was she in her nature that she was always ready to welcome anything new. "O Mother," she cried, "let me do March's work this year and give mine to him. I would like once at least to do work that is really big."

"Yes, let her do it," cried March, eagerly, "then I'll have nothing to do but coax the buds to open and bring back the birds and light work of that kind. What an easy job 'twill be!"

Mother Year looked at her children with troubled eyes, for she knew too well what would be the result of this experiment. She knew also, however, that these determined children must learn their lesson in their own hard way, so she reluctantly granted their wishes.

March began at once with April's work. He gave orders for sunshine, and, when the earth was warmed to a slight depth, began coaxing the grassblades and small plants to come out. He opened the leaves and blossoms on the trees, and brought back the birds from Southland. Except for a shower now and then, the month was one long succession of warm, fair days; and on every side could be heard such remarks as, "I never knew so early a spring," or "I have my spring cleaning all done," or "What a delightful month!"

But, in spite of all this, March did not enjoy the month. He longed to exercise his muscles once more. There were times when something within him seemed driving him to burst out in a wild storm or to go tearing in a mad wind over hill and plain, so he was not at all sorry when it came April's turn to reign over the earth.

April took up her work with great energy. The very first day she sent cold and sleet over the earth, and people said: "The weather is certainly playing an April fool joke on us. Think of a day like winter on April first!" And then, having exerted her strength in a cold storm, April, in her fitful way, began longing to experiment with the beautiful frost crystals that March had given her, so that night she sprinkled them over the green grass, the tender leaves, and the little pink blossoms of the apple trees.

The next morning there was a drooping, discouraged-looking plant world. A few wise old trees and plants said to the others: "It



Is Bruno Happy?

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

*See big Bruno lying there, basking in the sun,
He quarrelled with the other dogs, and beat them, every one;
Then, oh, didn't he look proud after he had won!*

*But, when he wants a bit of fun, none of them will play;
He must amuse himself alone every single day,
While they frolic by themselves, and never look his way!*

serves you right: you should have known better than to venture out in spring clothes so early. Now you've caught your death of cold." Alas! the remark was in many cases too true.

April, tired and aching from her heavy work, saw dark faces, and heard sad complaints on every side. "The early fruit is ruined," complained one poor family, "and we had depended so much on the sale of that to help us through the year." The farmers talked despondently about the probable failure of the early crops; the housewives prepared for a second cleaning; and still April kept on. Though she did long now and then to indulge in one of her old refreshing showers of tears, for her there was no time to rest.

At last, pretty, smiling May came forward to reign as queen, and what a sight met her eyes! Brown, dry lawns, withered plants, here and there trees that were almost bare, and a general air of dreariness.

The children could find no flowers to fill their may-baskets, and May inquired: "Who has caused all this trouble? Some one's work has been neglected."

Poor March and April looked on their work with shame. Then said Mother Year: "You see what comes of such experiments. The effects of this will last through the whole year. Even in the late winter evenings the children will miss their apples. Remember, now, that each one in this world has a work for which he is exactly fitted, and that no one can safely neglect that work or leave it to another. Only this morning I heard a boy saying he wished he was in another boy's place, and he didn't know

that, if he were, he'd probably bungle matters as badly as you have done."

"We'll not spoil another year in this way," declared both March and April, penitently. And the next year was one full of blossoms and fruit.

The Wood People's Secret.

BY CLAUDIA MAY FERRIN.

COME, visit the forest! I'll tell you a secret,—

A very dear secret we wood people know;
I'll show you the spot where the sun and the streamlet

Are welding new beauties with sparkle and glow.

'Tis there ev'ry bird seeks a respite from winging,

To dip his beak deep in the cool of the brook;

The chipmunk slips out from the low-creeping tangle,

To gambol his way to his favorite nook.

Above sweep the maple, the elm and the poplar,

While the silvery trunk of the sycamore stands

A ghost through the night, but a sentinel loyal
To watch 'mid the shadows for treacherous hands.

The secret? 'Tis simple, but dear as the fetters
That bind us to Nature, our mother and friend;

The beauty we love, with its richer unfolding,
Compels keener joy if a brightness we lend.

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

ALL our readers know that President Taft was during his administration a regular attendant at All Souls' Unitarian Church. On his last Sunday in Washington, March 2, he spoke from its pulpit, saying among other things this about the Sunday school of that church:

"One of the things that I have noticed about this church has been the excellence of the Sunday school. I suppose we are constantly in life running across the things that we would like ourselves to have enjoyed, as a mark of the progress since we were children; but it seems to me that if I could have had the benefit of the thorough education in Biblical study under conditions that have existed in the Sunday school of this church, I would have been a good deal better man, and I would have known a good deal more. . . . I leave with the sense of leaving a great and beautiful association in religion, which I hope will continue to grow and make for better men and for better women in Washington, and will widen its influence so as to make for better and purer religion the country over."

You see from such words as these how fine men appreciate our Sunday schools. Many another school in our Unitarian churches deserves the same praise. Will you love your own school and be proud to be a member of it? Will you try to get for yourself all the good it offers you? It gives you a chance to learn what the Bible is and what it contains. It helps you to develop your own best life. It teaches you to find ways of loving service. It makes real to you the life of God in your own soul.

At the conclusion of President Taft's remarks he was escorted down the main aisle to the front door, where he shook hands with the thousand or more persons who filled the church to its utmost capacity. The All Souls' Camp of the Boy Scouts acted as his escort, and he bade them farewell before entering his automobile.

Her Ideal.

"Out of the fierce struggle and turmoil of contending systems and powers I see a brighter spiritual era slowly emerge,—an era in which there shall be no England, no Germany, no France, no America, no this people or that, but one family, the human race; one law, peace; one need, harmony; one means, labor; one taskmaster, God."

HELEN KELLER.

The truth-seeker is the only God-seeker.
MINOT J. SAVAGE.

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF
BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to
Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston,
Mass.]

OUR *Beacon* light never burns more brightly than when our paper becomes a messenger of our faith in the home and the heart of a child.

DE SMET, S.D.,
Feb. 22, 1913.

To the Editor of *The Beacon*:

Last Christmas I got a letter from a dear friend, Mr. Garfield, of Humboldt, Ia. He said I would get the *Beacon* every week. It comes every Wednesday, and I like it very much.

I am nine years of age.

Where I used to live there was a Unitarian church, but where I live now there isn't. But mamma and papa are Unitarians yet.

I like "By the Snow Bridge" very much. All the stories are nice.

I took one of the papers to school for the teacher to read to the children.

I am in the fourth grade at school and in the third grade in music.

I shall continue to look for *The Beacon* every week.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN E. BREWER.

The Editor is sure that Ellen and her father and mother will make their new home a centre of influence for good. Then the Unitarian faith will be respected in a community which has no liberal church or Sunday school to tell its message. Will not some of the girls in our Club write Ellen a letter?

ROWE, MASS.,
Feb. 23, 1912.

To the Editor of *The Beacon*:

I wish to join the Beacon Club.

We have a good-sized Sunday school. The song I like best is "America" because it shows patriotism.

Yours truly,

HARRY HUNT.

We all love "America." Are we learning from it that sort of patriotism which makes us glad that other children may love their native land as we love ours? They, too, sing

with swelling hearts, in other words, perhaps, but with similar meaning, "My Country, of thee."

Here is a letter from one who sings his national hymn to the same tune we use for "America," but with other words. Do all our children realize that we have Unitarian Sunday schools in Canada whose members are reading *The Beacon* as we do, who are learning the same lessons, singing the same hymns, doing the same sorts of helpful, kindly service?

53 TRAFALGAR AVENUE, MONTREAL, CANADA,
Feb. 24, 1913.

Dear Editor,—In our church in Montreal we have a Junior Alliance, which meets every Saturday morning at eleven o'clock.

The girls sew for the babies of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

We have a very nice time together. Mrs. Willes and Mrs. Hanshue have charge of the class. Just lately we had a Sunday-school Festival, and we gave a fairy play entitled "The Wings of Mignonette."

I am enjoying the story "By Way of the Snow Bridge." My brother and I save all the copies of *The Beacon*.

Sincerely yours,

CYNTHIA GRIFFIN.

One more letter, written by her own hand, from a little girl in a school the Editor has recently visited.

36 SACHEM ST., LYNN,
Feb. 24.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl almost seven years old.

I would like to join the Beacon Club.

I go to the Lynn Sunday school. I heard you tell the story of brave Kate Shelley, and it was a very interesting story.

Now I must tell you something about our Sunday school. One Friday in a month we have a sociable from seven o'clock till nine o'clock.

I have a very nice teacher, Miss Collins. We are learning about the children in the Bible.

Good-bye.

From,
EVELYN MOSS.

RECREATION CORNER.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
Feb. 24, 1913.

Editor of *The Beacon*:—

Dear Sir,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school in Los Angeles and receive *The Beacon* every Sunday there. I enjoy the stories and puzzles very much and would like to have mine published, if possible.

LESTER JOHNSON.

ENIGMA LVI.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 2, is a rare animal.

My 9, 8, 12, is a tree chopped up.

My 3, 1, 5, 6, is to cross a stream.

My 10, 13, 11, is a boy's name.

My 7, 4, 6, is a fish.

My whole is an English College.

ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 3, 15, 10, 2, is a part of a hospital.

My 12, 4, 16, 11, is a story.

My 3, 15, 13, 7, 5, is one of the necessities of life.

My 14, 1, 4, 8, 11, is to throw.

My 6, 9, 17, 2, is an act.

My whole was a famous Unitarian minister and writer.

DONALD CURRY.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a horse a curious feeder?

2. What is that which comes with a carriage, goes

with a carriage, is of no use whatever to a carriage, and yet a carriage can't go without it?

3. What is that which travels about, goes much up and down, and wears shoes, but never has any shoes?

4. Those who take us improve, be the task what it may.

Those who have us are sorrowful through the long day;

We are hated alike by the foolish and wise,
Yet without us none ever to eminence rise.

Young Days

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.

2. A part of the verb to be.

3. One that lays.

4. Jurisdiction of a bishop.

5. A consonant.

The Cheerful Letter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

ENIGMA LII.—Theodore Roosevelt.

ENIGMA LIII.—Constantinople.

LETTER PUZZLE.—Elisha.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Captain Robert F. Scott.

RIMING ENIGMA.—OFFER
BOUND
ALTER
DROWN
INNER
ASHES
HOARD